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Honord M^{rs} Winthrop wth y^e rest of yo^r family are in health now resideing at Hartford. M^r Stone hath lately accompaigned M^{rs} Winthrop to N: London to y^e Ship y^t is to receaue the Corne, and both returned back well and in p^sent health wth y^e rest of yo^r freinds here. We hope there wilbe a Loving concurrence and Accomodation twixt o^r selues and N: Hauen. Long. Island freely and chearfully submit. Westchest^r, Greenwich, Stanford, submit and y^e rest we doubt not. The Assistants wth an vnanimous consent p^sent their Cordiall respects to yo^r Wor^{sh} earnestly beseeching yo^r speedy returne, still desiring to be mindfull of yo^r Self and yo^r affaires in o^r prayers.

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p DANIEL CLARK *Sec^r*

Indorsed, —

Letter from Secretary Clarke in the name of the court, to 1st Gov^r. Winthrop of Connecticutt on Receiving their Charter.

Nov^r. 27th 1662.

SEPTEMBER MEETING.

A stated meeting of the Society was held on Thursday, September 8th, at 11 o'clock, A.M.; the President, Mr. WINTHROP, in the chair.

The record of the preceding meeting was read.

The Librarian read his list of donors for the past month.

Hon. Charles J. Hoadly, of Hartford, Librarian of the State of Connecticut, was elected a Corresponding Member.

Mr. PAIGE read the following paper:—

The reference, at a recent meeting, to the doubts sometimes expressed, whether any person, in modern times, has attained the full age of a hundred years, induces me to record one well-authenticated example.

Mrs. Mercy Paige, daughter of James and Mercy Aiken, and widow of Deacon William Paige, was born in Brookfield, 3 January, 1721; and died in Hardwick, 19 February, 1823, aged one hundred and two years, one month, and five days,

allowing the eleven days difference in style. I was present at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of her birth ; I resided near her for the first twenty years of my life : I was personally acquainted with her, with several of her children, and with many aged people who had long been her associates ; and I never heard a doubt mentioned concerning her age or parentage. But, in order to attain more absolute certainty, I examined the Town Records of Brookfield, where her birth is recorded thus : “ Marcy Ekins, daughter of James and Marcy, born January y^e 3^d 17²⁰/₂₁.” By the Church Records of Hardwick, it appears that William Paige and Mercy Aikens were married 11 January, 174³/₄. The death is recorded on both the Town and the Church Records of Hardwick.

It may be suggested that the child born 3 January, 1721, died young ; and that a second child of the same name, born six or eight years afterwards, would have been marriageable in 1744. To this suggestion there are two sufficient answers. (1) Her father, James Aiken, was one of the pioneers, and commenced cultivating a farm in Hardwick (then called Lambstown) in 1733, while the place was a wilderness. His family remained at Brookfield a few months. Meantime this daughter several times rode on horseback, and alone, ten miles through the pathless forests, guided by marked trees, to convey a weekly supply of provisions to her father. Such was her own statement, and such the undisputed tradition. We can scarcely suppose that such a task was performed by a girl much less than twelve years old. (2) She was admitted as a member of the Church in Hardwick, 6 December, 1736, before she was sixteen years old. To suppose her half a dozen years younger would be inconsistent with the usual practice of Churches at that period. It cannot be supposed that this record has reference to her mother, who bore the same name ; for it is duly recorded that “ Mercy, wife of James Aikens,” was admitted 29 May, 1737, on recommendation of the Church of which she was formerly a member.

If any reliance can be placed on records, in connection and in agreement with common tradition, there can be no reasonable doubt that this venerable lady lived more than two years beyond a full century, and was a member of the Church in full communion more than eighty-six years.

Professor LOWELL referred to the well-known cases of four centenarians, graduates of Harvard College, noticed in the Proceedings for August, 1865, pp. 439, 440.

Mr. DEANE read the communication which follows, from our associate, Mr. Waterston, dated at San Francisco, California :

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, August 29th, 1870.

CHARLES DEANE, Esq.,

Secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

DEAR SIR, — Just before leaving home, I received from you a copy of the vote of the Historical Society requesting me to represent that body on any appropriate occasion which might occur on the Pacific Coast.* If I have not duly acknowledged this favor, permit me now to do so.

Coming as I did, in company with the Board of Trade, by the first railroad train passing directly across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific; climbing the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada; leaving in our swift passage prairies and plains and the Great Desert behind us; and at length descending the Pacific Slope, and stepping out of the identical cars we had entered in Boston in the very heart of the city of San Francisco, — this might in itself be considered an historical event. The fact also that we were officially received by the governors of nearly all the Western States through which we passed, and that every mark of respect was extended, both on our way and when we arrived in California, imparted a certain dignity to the event, serving to strengthen those ties of sympathy and good-will which should ever exist between the most distant portions of our common country.

The aspects of Nature on this side of the Rocky Mountains are often

* See "Proceedings" for May last, p. 309. — Eds.

upon a grand and impressive scale. Now, we behold scenes of wild magnificence; and now, of rich fertility.

Moreover, the methods of Nature are here often strange and startling. The seasons, the soil, the climate, the vegetation, are different from what is to be found elsewhere.

The extraordinary abundance of mineral wealth is another well-known characteristic; at times delusive, but often wonderfully prolific, having actually yielded over eight hundred millions of dollars in gold within a few years.

But the most astonishing fact of all is the unexampled growth of this community.

Twenty-five years ago, California was scarcely inhabited, and almost unexplored. Now, it is widely cultivated, and sprinkled thick with thriving villages and populous cities. San Francisco itself, which only twenty years ago was nothing but a sand-bank, has now a population of over one hundred and fifty thousand, with stately and elegant churches, colleges, school-edifices, splendid hotels, spacious halls, and structures in wood, brick, and stone, of every description. More than forty ocean-steamers regularly enter and depart from its superb harbor, upon whose waters thousands of sailing vessels constantly float, uniting this city with every port on the globe.

The foreign imports, in 1868, were over fifteen millions of dollars; while the merchandise exports, the same year, were twenty-three millions, more than seventeen millions of which were of domestic products.

The rapidity of growth has been amazing; but, with so limited an experience, it has little of what is generally understood to be History. Many of the citizens carry its whole career in their personal memory. I have heard, from one and another, reminiscences embracing the time when men first landed here, and had no other place of abode than tents; while some had not even such shelter. Yes, men now in the prime of life will speak of this as their own experience. Still, young as the country is, there are here and there threads of tradition, reaching back to an earlier time.

Among the oldest monuments connecting this region with a past period are the "Old Missions." Several of the churches and chapels yet stand, which were erected a hundred years ago by the Missionary pioneers, Spanish and Mexican, who labored among the Indian tribes of California. These are quaint buildings, built rudely of clay and stone, — adorned with ancient paintings brought doubtless in many instances

from Spain, with images of apostles and saints, — looking now much as they did when they awakened the wonder of the Indian tribes. The first important efforts towards civilization on this shore were made by the Jesuits, after which the Missions were transferred to the Order of St. Francis. The Jesuits labored in Lower California, and never in Upper California. The former were banished from power by the Spanish government in 1767. After this, Father Junipero, of the Franciscan Order, carried the work into Upper California. The lands were held by grant of the Spanish government. The Missions were subordinate to the civil authority; still, for all practical purposes, their control was nearly supreme. Their domain extended from San Diego to San Francisco, with immense territory, and large herds and flocks. The Missions were established at intervals of twenty and thirty miles, the boundary of one uniting with that of another, so that the whole coast was under their jurisdiction. The natives were compelled to work in their service. In connection with the Missions were forts called “Presidios,” which served for their protection; and the towns (such as they were), called “Pueblos.” Outside the Missions the government was purely military. Thousands of Indians were domesticated around these Missions, the Fathers living in patriarchal state, with vast numbers of horses, cattle, and sheep, — some of the Missions possessing from sixty to seventy thousand head of cattle.

The overthrow of the Spanish dominion in Mexico brought an end to the power and prosperity of these Missions. Not one was founded after that event. In 1826 a law was passed, depriving the Fathers of their lands, and also of the labor of the Indians; from which time their position and influence have rapidly dwindled away.

The first Mission I visited was that of San Francisco, — the Mission “Dolores.” The edifice still stands, which was erected in 1776, seven years after the Bay of Francisco had received its name. It stands — a simple structure — on the side of a hill, which shelters it from the ocean winds. The three old bells, which have been there from the beginning, still hang in the belfries, and are rung at stated times. Various old volumes of Spanish manuscripts, covered with sheepskin and having buckskin clasps, yet remain there; together with some six hundred volumes in Spanish print. There are also some very ancient paintings and carvings, brought from abroad, which recall strangely a former day. A school is taught here, and religious services are regularly held. Some of the old “*adobe*” buildings (as the

sun-burnt clay used for building these structures is called) still stand. These were inhabited by the Indians. Near by is the old graveyard; I read the various inscriptions, but I saw none worthy of special note.

I have visited also the old Missions of San José and Santa Clara, about fifty-five miles from San Francisco. These two are united by a shady avenue of willows and poplars, thoughtfully planted by the old *padres*. The avenue is three miles in length. As we walked under the refreshing shadow of these venerable trees (recalling the Al-madas of Spain), and heard the chime of the old bells which in former times had gathered the simple aborigines together, we could not but be impressed with the astonishing changes which had taken place.

It is very remarkable to what an extent the Indians have disappeared. In and about San Francisco, for a distance of fifty miles, I have not seen one. The same has been my experience at San José and at Santa Clara; also in crossing the Coast Range to Santa Cruz. In visiting the mammoth trees at the Mariposa Grove, we saw a few Indians, as we did also in the Yo-Semite Valley. Here I conversed with the Indian who served as a guide when the whites first entered the valley, at which time the tribe (having committed many depredations) were driven out. The Indians now residing in this region are harmless and peaceable. There are two tribes, — the Mono and the Pono Indians. I visited them in their rude wigwams, where I saw them pounding acorns which they had gathered for food, upon a rock; and these I saw them boil by throwing hot stones into the water, precisely as was done when the white man first came to this shore. They use implements of stone, similar to those used by the Indians on our own coast when the Pilgrims landed; and I saw arrow-heads made of flint, very symmetrical, some of which I obtained.

But, in an historical point of view, perhaps the most interesting fact of all is this: that in San Francisco exist the original Spanish Archives, in which the whole early history of this part of the country may be traced. When our government took possession of the country, these papers came into its hands. They were concealed at first at Los Angeles; at length they were obtained and brought to Monterey. They were placed, in 1851, by the United-States government, under the charge of the surveyor-general. In 1858, the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton came officially to this place, and found the papers disarranged, and more than one half (now in this collection) were still in other parts of the country. By his influence and under his oversight, they were brought together, collated, systematically arranged, and sub-

stantially bound. Thus to his forethought, the country is greatly indebted that these Spanish and Mexican Archives are in their present admirable condition, and available for study and reference.

They are comprised in about one thousand volumes, — six hundred volumes, chiefly in manuscript, relating to grants of land; and in addition, some three hundred quarto volumes, averaging eight hundred pages each, containing in manuscript, in the original draft, or in the original form : —

First. The Royal Decrees, as they came from the Spanish government. These are signed, — “YO EL REY:” *I the King.*

Second. Official orders and correspondence of Viceroy of Mexico.

Third. The official correspondence of the Governors of the Province with various subordinate authorities, extending from 1775 down to 1844.

Fourth. Records and correspondence relating to Missions, Presidios, and Pueblos; with the government and management of the same.

Fifth. Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical Records, together with Legislative and Judicial Proceedings; many of which are exceedingly curious.

Sixth. Miscellaneous Records, containing the daily domestic history of that time; often throwing light upon the past condition of things, the motives and views which were cherished, with the manners and customs of the people.

Seventh. A valuable correspondence by navigators of different nations, in as many as ten languages, — documents dating as far back as 1767. Some of these, written elsewhere, antedate the first settlement of the country. These papers contain the history of the coast, from Cape Horn to Columbia River, embracing a hundred years. Here are manuscripts relating to Vancouver (dated 1795); also to the celebrated voyage of Captain Cook, together with accounts of Russian Admirals, English Captains, and French Explorers.

As early as 1788, statements begin to be made of BOSTON Traders. There is reason to believe that not one vessel has come here of which there is not some authentic record, particularly if the crew or officers have landed. It is an undeniable fact that from the commencement of the century, for twenty-five years, by far the larger number of vessels arriving here were from BOSTON. This made such an impression upon the Indians, that, even to this day, they call all Americans “BOSTONS!” A large business, it was well known, was early carried on in furs (commencing as early as 1790). In 1784, John

Ledyard (of whom an interesting Memoir was written by President Sparks), having visited the Pacific in company with Captain Cook, communicated important information to Thomas Jefferson (then, I think, in Paris) respecting this region; after which, he was induced to return to make additional explorations, at which time he was arrested.

The enterprise, courage, and determination of the Yankee traders, at a very early day, awakened the suspicion and jealousy of the Spanish government. The authorities of the Province were constantly admonished to watch them closely, and to prevent any encroachment. The Spaniards seemed to have an instinctive dread of that intellectual and physical force which was destined to make itself so powerfully felt upon this coast at a later day. Therefore every movement was watched with constant vigilance, and no one was allowed to gain any footing if by any possibility it could be prevented.

In 1792, Captain Robert Gray, in the ship "Columbia" from Boston, discovered the Columbia River, which was named after his ship. (I send with this the translation of a letter, with orders respecting this vessel,* in which are various mistakes,—as that the vessel was owned by General Washington, &c.)

Mention is made, I am told by the Keeper of the Archives, of Captain William Sturgis, our late fellow-townsmen and associate, who early came to this coast, and drew up a paper on the subject for the Historical Society.

The name also, I believe, of Captain Thompson occurs as that of the master of the "Alert," the vessel in which Richard H. Dana, Jr., first visited this place; and by the account of his experience, in the "Two Years before the Mast," has justly caused his name to be forever associated with this coast.

Mention is made in 1810 of the ship "Albatross," which arrived from Boston with a company of hunters and trappers; and there is an account also of the burning of the ship "Boston" in 1803, when a party of Indians asked to come on board, and in a friendly spirit dance upon the deck. Bringing with them concealed weapons, at a given signal they murdered the whole crew except two, who escaped, hiding themselves until the next year, when another ship arrived. The account is here recorded as it was given by the survivors at that time.

* This was during her first visit to this coast, under the command of Captain John Kendrick. She sailed from Boston on the 30th of September, 1787, arrived on the coast in September 1789, and remained there one year, trading with the natives. — Eds.

Mr. R. C. Hopkins, the Keeper of the Archives, has most courteously offered me every facility for examining these papers. He has also promised to look over the volumes, and make extracts of passages which may be of special interest with us, and to translate any papers which may be desirable.

Should any member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, or the Society itself, desire any portion of these Records to be examined, or a copy made, respecting any statements of vessels arriving upon this coast, from the commencement of the century or somewhat earlier, Mr. Hopkins assures me he will, with pleasure, see that it is faithfully done.

There is certainly ample material among these manuscripts for the antiquary and the historian. There are pages over which the scholar and the statesman may ponder. The blind policy of the Spanish government, and the illiberal spirit of Spanish America, brought with it weakness and self-destruction.

Each step which led to the final downfall may be traced in these Records; while the beneficial results of Republican principles, with their expanding power, constantly developing new enterprise, may be witnessed on every side in what is transpiring to-day.

I feel sure that the members of the Massachusetts Historical Society will rejoice not only in the present prosperity of this remarkable portion of our country, but that they will appreciate the faithful care which has so considerably preserved these Records, placing them under watchful guardianship, and seeking to make them available, as far as possible, for the general good.

With the highest respect, most truly yours,

R. C. WATERSTON.

P. S.—The first allusion to an American ship in the Archives of California is in a letter by the Governor of the Province, Don Pedro Fages,—dated May, 1789,—to Don Josef Arguello, Captain of the Presidio of San Francisco.

“RESERVADA.”

“Siempre que arrive á ese Puerto de S^a Fran^{ca},” &c.

CONFIDENTIAL.

Whenever there may arrive at the Port of San Francisco a Ship named the Columbia,* said to belong to General Washington [Gral Wanhengton] of the

* In company with the “Columbia” was the “Washington,” a vessel of one hundred tons’ burden, commanded by Capt. Robert Gray; who, in 1792, as I have already said, was master of the “Columbia” herself. (Sparks’s Life of Ledyard, p. 188.)

American States, under command of John Kendrick, which sailed from Boston in Sept 1787, bound on a voyage of Discovery & of Examination of the Russian Establishments on the Northern Coast of this Peninsula, you will cause said vessel to be secured together with her officers and crew, directing that discretion and care be used in performing this duty, using in the execution of the same the small boat which you have in your possession, and doing the same with every other suspicious foreign vessel, giving me prompt notice of the same.

May God preserve your life many years.

PEDRO FAGES.

SANTA BARBARA

May 13th 1789.

TO JOSEF ARGUELLO.

The "Columbia" was the first ship which sailed up the Columbia River, and from her the river received its name. This was in 1791.

The President, referring to the death of our Corresponding Member, the Hon. John Pendleton Kennedy, spoke as follows:—

It is with no little personal sorrow that I announce the death of my cherished friend, the Honorable JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY, who was elected a Corresponding Member of this Society in 1858. I am sure the Society will indulge me, this morning, in dwelling at some length on the character and career of one, who had far higher claims than any friendship or affection of mine could give him to the regard and respect of his contemporaries.

Mr. Kennedy was born on the 25th of October, 1795, in the city of Baltimore; where his father, of Irish origin, who died early, was then a prosperous merchant. His mother, who lived to see her son — and he was her eldest — at the height of his reputation as an author and statesman, was a daughter of Philip Pendleton, of Berkeley County, Virginia, of a family distinguished by the virtues and accomplishments of more than one of its members. Graduated at Baltimore College in 1812, he soon selected the law as his profession. But our war with England was just then at its commencement; and his pursuits were interrupted by the excitements of the period,

and by the perils to which his native city was peculiarly exposed. With his friend, the late Mr. George Peabody, he volunteered and served as a private at the battles of Bladensburg and North Point; and with him, not many years ago, received from the United States the bounty land awarded to that service.

Admitted to the Baltimore Bar in 1816, he practised with success for several years, at a period when that Bar was adorned by such men as William Pinkney and William Wirt and the late Chief-Justice Taney; with more than one of whom he was sometimes associated as junior counsel in important causes, and with all of whom he was on terms of personal friendship. His taste for literary life, however, soon came in conflict with that for legal studies; and as early as 1818 he had become joint editor, with his accomplished friend, the late Peter Hoffman Cruse, of a little fortnightly serial, in prose and verse, under the title of "The Red Book." This little work was continued for two or three years, and its contents subsequently collected into two volumes.

And now the attractions of political service and public employment threatened to draw him away both from literature and from law. He was induced to take an active part in the Presidential campaign of 1820; and in the same year was elected a member of the House of Delegates of Maryland. In that body he rendered conspicuous service for several years; a part of the time as Speaker, and always as an intelligent and earnest advocate of measures for improving the financial condition and restoring the credit of the State.

In 1823, he accepted an appointment from President Monroe, as Secretary of our Legation to Chili; and I have heard him describe most humorously his first interview with the late John Quincy Adams,—then Secretary of State, of whom in later years he enjoyed the intimate acquaintance

and friendship, — when he called on Mr. Adams at the State Department for his instructions, preparatory to embarking for his post. “Instructions!” said Mr. Adams. “The only instructions I have to give you at present are these;” and reaching up, with the aid of a chair, to a high shelf, or pigeon-hole, in his bookcase, he handed him a carefully prepared description and drawing of the uniform which our Legations abroad were then required to wear, — not yet discarded as inconsistent with Republican principles, — and told him to provide himself accordingly. Mr. Kennedy’s youthful aspirations for diplomacy were not stimulated, or altogether satisfied, by this view of what was expected of him; and, before it was too late, he obtained leave to resign the appointment.

His interest in public affairs, however, continued unabated; and, in the intervals of professional labor, he prepared and published a number of political essays, which attracted a wide and marked attention. Having warmly espoused the views of Henry Clay (of whom not long afterwards he became one of the most trusted and valued friends) on the subject of American Industry, he wrote and printed, in 1830, an elaborate and masterly reply to Mr. Cambreleng’s memorable Report on Commerce and Navigation, which had a general circulation throughout the country; and in the following year he rendered eminent service, by tongue and pen, at a National Convention of the friends of Manufacturing Industry, held in the City of New York.

But it soon appeared that his more purely literary labors had by no means been abandoned or suspended, and that he was destined to make no common mark — for that period, certainly — in a line of literature in which our own honored Founder, Dr. Jeremy Belknap, had led the way in 1792, by his American tale, “The Foresters”; and in which Charles Brockden Brown and Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper had since been so conspicuous.

In 1832, Mr. Kennedy published his first novel, under the

name of "Swallow Barn, or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion"; a work which produced a decided impression, and which received high commendations from the pen of Edward Everett, in the "North American Review," the only vehicle at that time of well-considered literary criticism in our part of the country. Its sketches of Virginia life and manners, including a very notable chapter on Slavery, entitled "The Quarter," furnish the best picture we have even now of that section of the Union at the period to which they relate, and possess not a little of historical interest and permanent value. This, too, may be said, even more emphatically, of his second novel, "Horse-Shoe Robinson, a Tale of the Tory Ascendency," published in 1835; of which the scene was laid in the Carolinas, during our Revolutionary struggle, and of which the hero was drawn from the life, — the incidents of his remarkable career having been derived from his own lips by Mr. Kennedy himself, while he was residing at the South for the benefit of his health, in 1819.

A third novel, "Rob of the Bowl; a Legend of St. Inigoes," in which there is much historical matter connected with the religious commotions in Maryland, in the time of the second Lord Baltimore, was published by him in 1838; and in 1840 he produced, in a fourth volume, under the title of "The Annals of Quodlibet," a humorous and satirical account of the Presidential campaign in which he was at that moment a prominent actor, with an almost dramatic presentment, under fictitious names, of scenes which had actually occurred within the range of his own observation and experience.

Mr. Kennedy had now, however, become a member of Congress, having been chosen as one of the Representatives of the Baltimore District in 1838, and having been re-elected in 1841 and 1843. His services at Washington were of the highest value and importance; and particularly those which he rendered as Chairman of the Committee on Commerce in the Twenty-seventh Congress. Having been associated with him

as his second on that Committee, as well as in the intimacies of a common table and of apartments under a common roof, I can bear personal testimony to the diligence and ability which he brought to the public business. His Reports on subjects connected with our Commercial System, and particularly on our proposed Reciprocity Treaties, were elaborate and exhaustive; and his speeches were forcible and eloquent. I cannot forget that we were together, too, on that Committee, when, not without hesitation and distrust, the first appropriation was reported to enable Mr. Morse to try the experiment, between Washington and Baltimore, of that Magnetic Telegraph, which now covers our continent, and encircles the earth. Though the Report was written and presented by another hand, it owed much of its success, both in Committee and in the House, to the earnest support of Mr. Kennedy.

In 1844, he published a very striking little volume, called "A Defence of the Whigs," which became almost a hand-book of politicians, and which contains an admirable vindication of the party with which he was always connected as long as it existed. But that party had but a precarious and fitful supremacy in Baltimore; and at the next election, in 1845, he failed of a majority, and was never again returned to Congress. The following year, however, found him again in the Chair of the House of Delegates at Annapolis, having been elected once more to the Legislature of Maryland, after an interval of five and twenty years, with a view to an important juncture in the affairs of his native State.

This service rendered, Mr. Kennedy once more quietly resumed his literary labors; and, as the result of them, published, in 1849, an excellent biography, in two octavo volumes, of the eminent lawyer and statesman, William Wirt, — one of the purest and best of the public men of his day, upon whom Mr. Kennedy had delivered a Eulogy, immediately after his death, in 1834. This work — in which the author sedu-

lously avoided all personal display, and allowed Mr. Wirt to exhibit himself to the best advantage in his own brilliant public addresses and lively familiar correspondence — was recognized everywhere as a valuable contribution to American Biography, and to the history of the times; and no better book of its kind could have been placed in the hands of the young men of the United States, to whom it was dedicated.

Meantime and previously, Mr. Kennedy had delivered not a few occasional Discourses, mostly of an historical character: one, in 1835, before the American Institute of New York; another, in the same year, before the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of the University of Maryland, in which he had been appointed Professor of History, and of which he was the Provost for many years before his death; and a third, in 1845, before the Maryland Historical Society, of which he was Vice-President, on the Life and Character of George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, which involved him in a sharp controversy with several of the Roman Catholics of Maryland, to whom he made an elaborate rejoinder, exhibiting great ability and research. His Address, too, before the Maryland Institute, in 1851, published with engraved illustrations of the old town of Baltimore, as it was just a hundred years before, was replete with valuable local descriptions and details.

In 1852, on the resignation of Governor Graham of North Carolina, who had been appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Fillmore, on his succession to the Presidency after the lamented death of General Taylor, Mr. Kennedy was called to preside over the Navy Department of the United States; and continued a member of the Cabinet, of which his friends Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett were successively the chiefs, until the change of Administration, in March, 1853. This was the period of some of our most interesting Naval Scientific Expeditions: that of Commodore Perry to Japan; and that of Dr. Kane to the Arctic Ocean, in search of Sir John Franklin, for which Mr. Kennedy prepared the instructions,

and gave to it the most effective encouragement. His name was accordingly given by Dr. Kane to one of the channels which he discovered, and was inscribed on his map of the Arctic Regions.

The visit of Mr. George Peabody to his native land in 1856, and his noble endowment of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, where, as a young banker, he had for some years resided, afforded Mr. Kennedy a new subject of interest, and opened to him a new field of useful labor. He was at once selected by Mr. Peabody, as the Chairman of the Board of Trustees for his great gift to the Baltimore Institute; and I have the best authority for knowing how earnestly he entered upon and pursued the work of organization committed to him; and how highly and gratefully his services were appreciated by Mr. Peabody to the last.

The darkest days of our country were now rapidly approaching. Mr. Kennedy was never, I believe, an owner of slaves, nor ever a supporter or apologist for slavery. But, on the other hand, he had never co-operated or sympathized with the extreme Abolitionists of the North, and had always united in measures for securing to his own, and the other Southern States, the rights in regard to this institution which were expressed or implied in the Constitution of the United States, as he understood its provisions. No northern man, however, could have been more averse than he was to the extension of slavery into new territories. He was, moreover, a devoted lover of the Union, and held in abhorrence all ideas either of peaceable or forcible secession or nullification. Living in a Border State, where the personal and party feuds which preceded and followed the outbreak of the Rebellion were so violent and bitter, and upon which at one time it seemed as if the whole brunt of the battle might fall, his first hopes undoubtedly were, as were those of many of his friends farther North, that some arrangement or adjustment might be devised, with a view to prevent the fratricidal strife, and avert the full horrors of

Civil War. He was in complete accord with the great Boston Memorial to that effect, which, under the lead of Mr. Everett, and in company with others of all parties, I had a share in the privilege of bearing to Congress in January, 1861. In this spirit, he published, a few weeks before the first fatal blow had been struck, a pamphlet entitled "The Border States; their Power and Duty," which presented the great questions before the country with boldness and signal ability, and appealed to the Border States to interpose, by some separate concerted action, for the settlement of all issues in dispute, and for the ultimate preservation of the Union. Reviewed in the light of subsequent developments and of final results, this appeal would probably be regarded with less approbation than it was at the time of its publication. But even then, as it soon proved, the time for discussion had passed, and little remained but to resist force by force. In that contest, Mr. Kennedy's influence and efforts were strongly and unqualifiedly on the side of the Government and the Union, and no coldness of friends, or dangers from enemies, could deter or daunt him.

During the progress of the War, he communicated a series of Letters to the "National Intelligencer," under the assumed name of "Paul Ambrose," in which he ably discussed "the principles and incidents of the Rebellion as these rose to view in the rapid transit of events"; which were collected and published in a volume, with his own name, in 1865. This was the last work which he gave to the public; and he soon afterwards embarked for Europe, in the hope of reinvigorating his somewhat shattered health.

It was not his first visit abroad. He had crossed the Atlantic twice before, and was no stranger to some of the best of English and European society. In those visits, he had renewed the intimacy with Thackeray and Dickens which he had enjoyed while they were in America, and had formed many other friendships with the literary men of France and England.

During his last tour, he was selected by Mr. Seward as one of the United-States Commissioners, at the grand Exposition of the Industry of all Nations in Paris, and in that capacity rendered valuable services; especially as one of the small select Commission, under the Presidency of Prince Napoleon, to which the subject of a uniform Decimal Currency was referred.

Mr. Kennedy had more than once contemplated giving to the press his "Notes of Travel," of which he has left many manuscript volumes, carefully composed and revised, which may still, I trust, furnish the material of a posthumous publication.

On his last return home, in October, 1868, he presided at a great Republican Mass Meeting in Baltimore; and made an earnest and eloquent appeal to the South to acquiesce cordially in the results of the War, and to unite "in that new pathway which Providence has ordained to be the line of our future march to the highest destiny of nations." This was his last public word.

In looking back on the life which has been thus rapidly sketched, and comparing his capacities for usefulness with his actual career, one cannot but feel how much has been lost to the best service of the country, in his case as in too many others, by the accidents of politics, and the caprices of parties. As a Senator, or as a Diplomatist, he would have done eminent honor to the nation at home or abroad; and he seemed particularly suited, by his abilities, his accomplishments, and his tastes, for prolonged and continuous service in spheres like these. But it was not in his nature to seek them, and it was not his fortune to enjoy them. I may be pardoned for recalling, in such a connection, those striking lines of Coleridge:—

"How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the world of spirits

If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends !
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ? — three treasures, love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath ;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night, —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

Mr. Kennedy, as a man, was greater and better than all his books. One certainly looks in vain in all that he wrote or did for the full measure of those gifts and acquirements of mind and heart, that learning and wisdom, that wit and humor, that whole-souled cordiality and gayety and kindness, which shone out so conspicuously in the intimacies of daily intercourse. A truer friend or more charming companion has rarely been found or lost by those who have enjoyed the privilege of his companionship and friendship ; and among those may be counted not a few of our most distinguished authors and statesmen. A delightful week which I passed under his roof, many years ago, gave me an opportunity of witnessing the esteem and affection in which he was held by my only fellow-guest, Washington Irving, — whose *Life*, indeed, contains more than one letter to him, beginning, " Dear Horse Shoe," and ending " Geoffrey Crayon."

Though far advanced in his seventy-fifth year, and though he had occasionally suffered not a little of late from severe physical infirmities, Mr. Kennedy was naturally of so genial and joyous a temper, and sympathized so warmly with the young and gay, that the idea of his being an old man had hardly yet occurred to any one but himself. In the eyes of those around him, he seemed to have nothing of age except its experience and its mellowness. He was not insensible himself, however, to the approach of the inexorable hour. In a letter which I received from him not many weeks ago, — one of the last of a series running through a term of more than thirty years, — he said to me with more of sadness than I had ever known

him to write, certainly in regard to himself: "It is but small consolation to me — when I look at my letter-file, and see three or four of your letters asking for a word of recognition, — to argue my good intentions, and my infirmity of hand, for that silence which I daily resolve to break; for it is so persistently followed by a new delinquency, in the breach of my resolve, as to bring me nothing better than a new regret. But I know you will pardon these habitual shortcomings,—like the good and trusty friend you have always been,—and indulge me in that constrained silence, which is, in truth, only the sign and warning of one more inevitable, that comes with gentle step and, I trust, a friendly message to make it welcome."

A few weeks more at Saratoga Springs, by the advice of his physician, and a few weeks afterwards at Newport, where he had fixed his summer residence for several years past, completed his earthly career. A hidden malady was developed, which, after two days of agony, patiently and bravely borne, and one day of tranquil slumbers, released him to his rest. I may not omit to add that, in a blessed interval of wakefulness and ease, he eagerly renewed those pledges of Christian faith which he had often given in health, and was able to take leave of those dearest to him, as he said, "in perfect peace of mind and body."

He died at Newport, on the 18th of August; and his remains were at once removed to his native city, to repose in the neighboring Green Mount Cemetery, at the dedication of which he had delivered the Address, in 1839.

Mr. Kennedy left no children. His wife, who, with her sister, has rendered his home for more than thirty years so dear and delightful to himself, and so attractive to his friends, is a daughter of the late Edward Gray, Esq., of Baltimore, one of the worthiest and most respected merchants of that city; of whom Irving, on hearing of his death in 1856, wrote thus, in words which I can indorse with all my heart: "To be under

his roof, in Baltimore, or at Ellicott's Mills, was to be in a constant state of quiet enjoyment to me. Every thing that I saw in him, and in those about him; in his tastes, habits, mode of life; in his domestic relations and chosen intimacies, — continually struck upon some happy chord in my own bosom, and put me in tune with the world and with human nature."

Mr. Kennedy received the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard University in 1863; and has been, for some years, an Associate Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Professor JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL then said: —

Mr. PRESIDENT, — In the few words I shall say of Mr. Kennedy, I shall speak of him as it is fitting to speak of a man who made affection easy, and whom a short acquaintance had invested with something of the tender privilege of long friendship. Death should give a shelter from vague eulogy no less than from impertinent criticism. Here is no place for those *invidiosi veri*, on which, one is sometimes tempted to think, the Anglo-Saxon conscience is apt to lay an undue emphasis.

It is very likely that Mr. Kennedy could not be called a man of genius in the creative sense of that somewhat elastic word; but it is surely something to his honor, that, amid the manifold distractions of a busy and public life, he should have cherished the sweet and pure ambition of letters, of a higher and more durable success than politics and popularity can offer. In a society so prosperously active as ours, it is of good example to have had an intellectual ideal, and perhaps it is fairer here than elsewhere to measure a man rather by his aims than by his performance. After all, unless we adopt the plan of Pepys, and allow shelf-room only to books of blue blood, we must be willing to find a place for many volumes that could not make their claims valid with the heralds of literature. An exclusive commerce with the great may make us unduly

fastidious, and it is wholesome to unbend our faculties now and then from the strain of that Alpine society in the company of authors who simply know how to be agreeable. I think Mr. Kennedy's books have this pleasant quality,—a secret not seldom missed by writers more pretentious and of greater power. They are refined, manly, considerate of our grosser apprehensions; they attempt no solution of the problem of the Infinite (as it is called); they abound in cheerful pictures of natural scenery; and they will have a real value for the historian, from their lively notices of manners already remote. Perhaps the strongest impression they leave upon the mind is that they were written by a gentleman, a profession of greater consequence than is generally conceived.

Perhaps we overestimate the worth of mere literary ability. The lion has been the painter this time, and authors have not been slack in impressing on mankind the supreme importance of their function. Nevertheless it may well be suspected that the power of expressing fine sentiments is of a lower quality than the less obtrusive skill of realizing them in the life and character. This talent Mr. Kennedy possessed beyond most men. One could not be in his company for never so short a time, without being touched by that gentle consideration for others which is the root of all good breeding. His courtesy was not the formal discipline of elegant manners. There was a sense of benefaction in it. Whoever came near him felt the friendly charm which his nature radiated, so that his very house seemed steeped in it and welcomed you no less heartily than he. He was in the highest sense a genial man. He had a singular gift for companionship, for being something better than his books, and his finer qualities were lured out by the sympathy of the fireside. He was excellent in anecdote and reminiscence. His talk had just that pleasant suspicion of scholarship in it that befits the drawing-room, and never degenerated to the coarser flavor of pedantry. He could quote his bit of Horace or Virgil on occasion, which used to

be the neck-verse of cultivated men. He had the somewhat rare excellence of being playfully earnest; and, though he had strong convictions, never made them the scourge of other men.

But though gentleness was a prime quality in this gracious temperament, he could, when the times demanded, show qualities of stouter fibre. During the war of the Rebellion he stood firmly by the Nation, though it cost him a social position, which, to a man of his affectionate nature and social instincts, was dearer than any thing but duty. In the North it was easy to be loyal,—it was sometimes even profitable; but in Maryland loyalty meant ostracism, and might mean something worse. For Mr. Kennedy it sundered lifelong ties of friendship, and habitudes of society scarce less painful in the breaking. He might have escaped it all by a judicious impartiality between right and wrong; nay, even by a little of that caution which we call meanness if it fail, and prudence if it prosper. But he was a brave man, and chose the nobler privilege of danger.

How much fame may fall to his share, it would be out of place to compute too closely. Suffice it that he at least escaped its vulgar makeweight, notoriety. Surely he has something better, as it is sweeter, in gentle memories that will perish only with the last of those who knew him.

The Hon. GEORGE S. HILLARD next addressed the meeting:

I should not have added any thing to what has been said in honor of Mr. Kennedy, were it not that I am one of the few now present that were personally acquainted with him. This acquaintance was not of long duration, nor was it intimate; indeed, my personal knowledge of him hardly began before he was sixty; but I knew him well enough to feel able to give my emphatic assent to all that has been said in commendation of him by Professor Lowell and yourself.

No one could see and know Mr. Kennedy without feeling

that he himself was more and better than his writings, excellent and estimable as these are. He was a man whose elements of growth were self-derived. He was born in a Southern state, and had the best training which that portion of the country could furnish at the time of his youth. The natural drift of men so born and taught was to politics ; but he resisted this general proclivity. He gave himself to literature and law, and slid into politics incidentally and accidentally ; and as literature was his first, it remained to the last his strongest love.

Mr. Kennedy was delightful in all the social relations. He was given to hospitality, and no man appeared to more advantage when dispensing the gifts of hospitality. His conversation was frank, easy, and hearty. Men in our country, who have been much in public life, are apt to fall into a cautious and non-committal style of discourse. They are prone to talk with a vigilant self-observation, as if they feared that their words might be reported to their disadvantage by some unfriendly hearer. But he had none of this cold and timid prudence. He spoke out that which was in him, not fearing sometimes to utter what an ever cautious temper would have left unspoken. His conversation had the freshness, the freedom, the courage of youth. His mind, his heart, never grew old.

Of his works of fiction my recollection is but indistinct ; but I freshly remember his " Life of Wirt," and I think it one of the most graceful, genial, and delightful pieces of biography that the literature of our country has to show. And let me here express the hope that some competent hand will do for him what he did so well for his friend ; and the correspondence and unpublished manuscripts of Kennedy will surely afford to the biographer a theme not less full and fruitful than that furnished by the life and labors of the eminent lawyer, and more than respectable man of letters, whom he so well commemorated.

The President then read the following letter from Professor OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: —

164 CHARLES STREET, Sept. 8th, 11 A.M.

MY DEAR MR. WINTHROP:

I am much disappointed in finding myself still so far indisposed that I do not feel like going to the meeting to-day.

The circumstance that I was probably the last member of our Society who met Mr. Kennedy made me anxious to have an opportunity to add a few words to the tribute you will pay to his memory, which I feel sure will be all that affectionate esteem and the knowledge of a life-time can render it. I could really have contributed nothing, except the memory of my few interviews, the two last of which, within less than a week of Mr. Kennedy's death, were singularly delightful. He was full of talk, so cheerful, so genial, so varied, — sometimes on political and historical matters with which he was familiar, sometimes relating personal experiences of which he had such a fund in his memory, always lively, entertaining, graceful in his discourse, — that I have rarely sat in a company when one man did more to keep all the rest happy in listening to him. There was no look of warning, no tone that could suggest a melancholy foreboding; but, bright and brave in the face of fast gaining infirmity which he would not betray to sadden others, he shed sunshine about him to the last.

It is singular that, having met him so few times, I should feel as if I knew him so well, and regret his loss so deeply. It was not merely because he was of a true and generous nature, and of a fine intelligence and culture, but because he was so frank and hearty with those whom he honored with his friendship, that a week with him was like a year with a man of a narrower mould and colder feelings.

I have written at a moment's notice, as I did hope to be with you; but if you can make any use of my note, pray do so.

Believe me, dear Mr. Winthrop,

Yours faithfully,

O. W. HOLMES.

The President laid upon the table some sheets of the public Acts of Connecticut, now in course of publication, sent to him by Mr. Hoadly, who called special attention to "An Act"

included therein (Chapter CX. p. 463) "for the Preservation of Ancient Town Records": —

An Act for the Preservation of Ancient Town Records.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Assembly convened :

SEC. 1. It shall be the duty of the town clerk, in each town in this State, having manuscript volumes of town records, containing entries of deeds, town votes, wills, or judicial proceedings made prior to the year 1700, to cause copies to be made of all such entries, in a fair and legible hand, to the satisfaction of the State librarian; and to transmit said copies to the State librarian on or before the fourth day of July, 1871, for preservation in the State library.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the State librarian to procure and furnish to the town clerks of the several towns above referred to, suitable blank-books, substantially bound, in which to make said copies.

SEC. 3. As soon as any book containing such copies shall be received and approved by the State librarian, he shall give to the town clerk from whom he shall have received the same an order for such sum as said librarian may deem a reasonable compensation for making said copies; and the comptroller is hereby authorized to approve and allow all orders so given, and also such further accounts as said State librarian may contract in procuring and furnishing the blank-books described in section second; and to draw upon the State treasurer for the payment of the same.

Approved July 15th, 1870.

In a former letter received from Mr. Hoadly by the President, the writer thus refers to the recent recovery of a valuable manuscript book of laws: —

In 1859, the laws of the Territory and Dominion of New England were printed for the first time by Mr. Trumbull in the Appendix to the Colonial Records of Connecticut, 1678–1689, pp. 402–436, from the only manuscript then known to exist. Quite recently I have discovered another manuscript which contains those laws, and also the act or order concerning local laws alluded to on page 439 of Mr. Trumbull's volume. This manuscript enables us to supply some deficiencies in the manuscript used by Mr. Trumbull, and to correct the text in several places. Do you think that the Massachusetts Historical Society would like to reprint those laws?

The Memoir of the late Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D.D., by Professor HEDGE, was announced as ready for publication, and is here given.



N. L. Frothingham.

MEMOIR
OF
NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM, D.D.

BY FREDERIC H. HEDGE.

THE city of Boston owes much to her clergy. From the first they have been her intellectual leaders and literary lights, as well as spiritual guides. Among the honored of this profession, the subject of this brief notice merits a conspicuous place.

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM, son of Ebenezer Frothingham and Joanna Langdon, was born in Boston, on the twenty-third day of July, in the year 1793. Of his boyhood, there is nothing to record but his diligent scholarship and extraordinary intellectual promise. At school, in his native city, he took a high rank, and received the customary honors. At the age of fourteen he was entered as a student of Harvard College, a classmate of Edward Everett, in the Class of 1811.

Of his college life, another classmate and friend, the Rev. Dr. Allen, of Northborough, has kindly communicated, at my request, the following reminiscence : —

“ Dr. Frothingham was one of my most intimate friends in College, and our intimacy and friendship lasted through life. He was one of the younger members of the Class ; and although from the first a diligent student and a good scholar, it was not, I think, till his third year that he gained a high rank among his fellow-students. But at the close of his college course, he was surpassed by very few ; and as a reward

of distinguished merit, an English Oration, out of the usual course, was assigned him for Commencement. He was an elegant classical scholar, a fine writer in prose and verse ; and in elocution he was surpassed by none of his classmates, not excepting Edward Everett. He was a great favorite — almost a pet — of Dr. McKean, the Professor of Rhetoric, who seemed to regard him as a model orator.

“Through his college life he maintained an irreproachable character, and was highly esteemed by his classmates ; who, without jealousy or envy, watched his progress, and were proud of his fame.”

In 1812, he received the appointment of Preceptor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, an office for which, even at the early age of nineteen, he was judged to be well qualified by his exquisite taste and brilliant success in that department. His duties in this capacity were not onerous, and left him abundant leisure for the study of that profession to which he had already turned his thoughts, and was ready to devote his gifts and powers. During the three years of academic office, he was making preparation for the ministry ; and in 1815 he accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Church in Boston, a post in which the example of illustrious predecessors supplied a strong incentive to noble effort and a rule of beneficent action. Of his success in this connection, there are many witnesses. He attached to himself a strong and united parish, to which he ministered long enough to see one generation of worshippers pass and another take their place ; long enough to teach the children of those whom as children he had taught and baptized. His “Congregation at the First Church,” says one of the notices that followed his death, “included a large number of scholars and writers, among whom were Edward Everett, William H. Prescott, George Bancroft, Joseph T. Buckingham, Henry T. Tuckerman, Charles Francis Adams, and Charles Sprague.”

In 1818, he married Ann Gorham Brooks, daughter of the late Peter C. Brooks of Boston, and sister of Mrs. Edward Everett and Mrs. Charles Francis Adams. From this union has sprung a numerous family of children, of whom the third

son, Octavius Brooks Frothingham, embraced the father's profession, and now holds a conspicuous place among the most gifted and popular preachers of New York.

In 1826, Dr. Frothingham obtained, by consent of his parish, a year's respite from his labors; and was able to gratify the long-cherished wish of his heart in a visit to Europe, from which he returned toward the close of the summer of 1827. Twenty-two years later, in 1849, a period of ill health occasioned a second and shorter visit, from which the tourist returned, with health still impaired, to occupy but a few months longer the post of duty which had tasked the strength of his manhood.

In 1850, after a ministry of thirty-five years, he retired from the pulpit, and resigned his pastoral connection with the First Church. After this, he occasionally, but rarely, by special request, took part in the public services of religion. "His last appearance in the pulpit," says the notice already quoted from the "Transcript," "was at the *impromptu* meeting in Hollis-street Church, on the day of the assassination of President Lincoln. His remarkable prayer on that occasion will never be forgotten by those who heard it. Beautiful, fitting, and appropriate in itself, his blindness gave added pathos to his heartfelt devotion."

But the years which followed his withdrawal from public duty were by no means years of idleness. He occupied himself with literary labors, and some of the choicest productions of his pen are the fruits of this long retirement. In 1852, he gave to the press a volume entitled "Sermons in the Order of a Twelve-month," containing some of the best of his professional discourses, all of which breathe a lofty strain of Christian thought and sentiment, and are characterized by that singular beauty of diction which all his critics acknowledge to be a distinguishing trait of Dr. Frothingham's writing. In 1855, he published a volume of poems, to which he gave the title "Metrical Pieces." Notwithstanding this modest

designation, these compositions have secured to him an honorable place among American poets.

In the spring of 1859, he made his third visit to Europe. In this tour he was accompanied by his family; they spent a year and a half in travel, returning in November, 1860.

Soon after his return, his eyesight, which had always been myopic, began rapidly to fail; and symptoms of glaucoma threatened the entire loss of vision which other members of his family had suffered before him. This affliction befell him four years later, following hard on a great domestic bereavement, — the loss of his wife, the cherished companion of nearly half a century of wedded life. In the summer of 1864, he submitted to a painful operation; which, instead of restoring, as he had been led to hope, the use of his eyes, resulted in total blindness. Into this night he sank at the age of seventy-two, and in it groped the last six years of a life which till then had been singularly prosperous and blest.

But no cloud obscured the intellectual day in which he moved, and in which he still continued to work during nearly five of those darkened years. With the aid of his faithful and efficient secretary and friend, Miss Ellen M. Buckingham, he brought his papers in order, dictated poems, translated German hymns, and prepared the material of a second volume of "Metrical Pieces," which, however, did not appear in print until loss of faculty had precluded his own interest in the publication.

Nothing was wanting to him in his decline of "that which should accompany old age;" not, certainly, "troops of friends." He enjoyed their society, delighting in the sound of familiar voices when familiar faces beamed on him in vain, and conversing with unimpaired faculty and zest until nearly the last year of his life. "In my frequent visits to him," says Dr. Allen, "in the 'evil days' which came upon him after the external world was shut out from his sight, I always found him bright and cheerful, fond of recalling the scenes of our college

life and the memory of departed classmates and friends, and thankful for the blessings that still remained.”

Speaking of a prominent trait of Dr. Frothingham’s character, the same friend writes : “ I have personal knowledge of his kindness and generosity, for I have been the almoner of his bounty ; and I know that some — I believe that many — recall his acts of kindness and bless his memory.”

The last year, especially the last winter months, of his mortal experience, were burdened with infirmities and pains which leaned too hardly on his weakened frame, and shut out every prospect but that of the great Beyond.

He died on Monday, the 4th of April, 1870. On the same day, there appeared in the columns of the “ Boston Transcript ” an obituary notice, by the Rev. Mr. Fox, of which the greater part is here subjoined : —

“ Rev. Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, D.D., died at his residence in Newbury Street, Monday morning, at two o’clock ; receiving thus a blessed relief from a protracted and painful sickness. Though for several years he has been a sufferer in the seclusion of the sick-chamber, and out of the sight of all but a few friends and those who ministered to him with unwearied, filial devotion, he has not been out of the minds and the hearts of the many who highly esteemed and greatly loved him ; and sincere sorrow will be mingled with the feeling that his departure was ordered in mercy.

“ Quietly devoted to his professional duties, Dr. Frothingham’s life was uneventful ; for it was the life of the student and the man of letters. His learning was various and accurate ; and he was honored for his acquirements, as well as for the high order of his intellectual gifts. In social converse he was the coveted teacher and companion of our best thinkers and scholars. His interest and delight in literary pursuits continued unabated when others, suffering from infirmities and pains like his, would have abandoned their books and pens, and felt that even to listen to reading was a luxury to be given up. Whilst sickness allowed him to work, he was never idle.

“ Dr. Frothingham published several volumes of prose and poetry ; and to the ‘ Christian Examiner,’ the ‘ North American Review,’ and several other periodicals, he frequently contributed articles of rare

excellence, both as to their substance and their form. His style was singularly pure and rich; showing a finish and correctness, in eloquent paragraphs and exquisite sentences, quite unrivalled. His exaction and fastidiousness, as a critic of the writings of others, were severely applied to his own productions; and hence the polish, erudition, solid brilliancy, lofty sentiment, and thoughtfulness, which have put them among the best specimens of American literature.

"Of Dr. Frothingham as a man it is hardly necessary to speak in this community, to those of his own day and generation, or to those younger than himself, whose privilege it was to meet him and enjoy intercourse with him. Courteous, genial, hospitable, liberal in his conservatism, catholic in his judgments, free from all petty envies and jealousies, without ostentation, and scorning loud or mere professions, there was about him a winning charm that made his presence and his speech ever welcome to all.

"It is impossible, in these necessarily hurried lines, to pay the tribute due to his home virtues, conscientious patriotism, assiduity as a Christian teacher, and readiness to contribute all in his power to the advancement of sound learning, wise charities, refining art, and whatever else might serve to promote the intellectual and moral well-being of the community.

"To his excellence and his example in these respects others will hasten to do justice. We must be content with this general and imperfect expression of regard for the memory of one, whose works and words are not to be forgotten or the less prized, because the close of his more than threescore and ten years was veiled and hidden by blindness and inexorable disease."

The funeral service was performed on the following Wednesday (April 6th), in the newly erected church of his parish, in Berkeley Street. The Rev. Dr. Gannett read appropriate selections from the Scriptures; and the Rev. Dr. Ellis* offered the customary prayer. A funeral address, delivered by the Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, is appended to this brief memoir by the same hand.

At the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which Dr. Frothingham was a member, on the 14th of the

* Dr. George E. Ellis; Mr. Rufus Ellis, the Pastor of the Church, Dr. Frothingham's successor, was prevented by illness from attending the service.

same month, commemorative addresses were made by the President, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, by the Rev. Dr. Walker, and by the Rev. Dr. Lothrop. They are reported in the Journal of the Society.

Among the literary tributes to Dr. Frothingham's genius, the ablest and most adequate is that by Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, which appeared not long since in the "New York Tribune."



ADDRESS AT THE BURIAL OF DR. FROTHINGHAM.

It was a message of joy that brought to the friends of Dr. Frothingham, on Monday last, the tidings of his release from the darkness of the prison-house in which his latter years had pined, with no hope of deliverance but that which the Angel of Death brings to every captive at last.

To us, who had known him in the days of his strength and the plenitude of his genius, he had died long since. We had buried him in our hearts; and what remained of him we felt to be less truly he than the image in our memory and the works he had given us. He had died to intellectual converse while in the body he yet lived. But now that the body's death has severed the last tie that bound him to this earthly sphere, his image is restored to us with transfigured beauty. And here, as we meet for the burial rite in the sanctuary of that Church of which he was so long minister, we summon his idea from its sanctuary in our minds, and represent to ourselves what he was in character and action.

Born in this city in July, 1793; graduated at Harvard, a classmate of Edward Everett, in 1811; for some time Tutor of Rhetoric and Oratory in that University,—he was called in 1815 to be the Pastor of this Church; a post which he occupied with mind and heart for thirty-five years, resigning in 1850 the arduous trust. To the duties of that office he

gave the strength and marrow of his life, suffering no literary avocation — though a lover of letters — to divert his thoughts or disengage his affections from the work of the ministry ; subordinating all other tastes and pursuits to that supreme call.

As a preacher, he could hardly be said to be popular. Excessive refinement, want of *rapport* with the common mind, precluded those homely applications of practical truth which take the multitude. Nor did he feel sufficient interest in doctrinal theology to satisfy those who craved systematic instruction in that line. His reputation, therefore, was less extended than intense. The circle of his admirers was small ; but those who composed it listened to him with enthusiastic delight. When, occasionally, he preached to us students at the University, from the pulpit of the College Chapel, there was no one, I think, to whom we listened with attention more profound ; and, for myself, I can say with richer intellectual profit. The poetic beauty of his thought, the pointed aptness of his illustrations, the truth and sweetness of the sentiment, the singular and sometimes quaint selectness, with nothing inflated or declamatory in it, of the language, won my heart, and made him my favorite among the preachers of that day. I will not mispraise him, when dead, whom living I could not flatter. I am well aware, and was even then aware, that the preaching of our friend did not satisfy the class of minds to which Channing in his way, and Walker and Ware and Lowell, so ably ministered in theirs ; but preaching has other legitimate and important functions beside those of unfolding the philosophy of religion, or stimulating the moral sense. There are “ differences of gifts,” and there are “ diversities of operations ” ; but the same spirit goes with all earnest effort in the service of truth, and is justified in all.

One service Dr. Frothingham has rendered to the Church and the cause of religion, in which he is unsurpassed by any preacher of his connection, — perhaps, I may say, by any

American preacher of his time. I speak of his hymns, which will live, I believe, — I am sure they deserve to live, — as long as any hymns in our collections. His musical tact, his intimate knowledge of the exigences of vocalism, combining with his poetic faculty, have added, in those hymns of his, to devout aspiration and pure religious sentiment the perfection of melody.

I name as examples in this kind the hymn : —

“ We meditate the day
Of triumph and of rest.”

And this : —

“ We bless thy Church high over all
The heathen’s rage and scoff.”

And where, among all the hymns in our language, is there any thing finer in its way than parts of the hymn : —

“ O God ! whose presence glows in all ” ?

this stanza, for instance : —

“ Send down its angel to our side,
Send in its calm upon the breast ;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.”

Thanks are due to the man, had he done nothing else, for these beautiful specimens of sacred poetry, these choice contributions to the uses of worship. And for these, while hymns are sung in our churches, the congregations will bless his name.

As a scholar, he had in his profession no superior, — scarcely a rival. A learned theologian, familiar with the Latin and Greek classics, well versed in the modern languages and their literatures, — in richness and extent of intellectual culture he stood pre-eminent among his brethren. In their assemblings and discussions, his word was waited for as sure to be the most significant and luminous utterance of the hour.

An exquisite finish, a polished elegance of thought and phrase, distinguished his performances, even the most trifling,

and made them a study of good taste and good speech. In familiar discourse, when most at his ease, the unstudied and innate grace of his mind gave a peculiar and emphatic zest to his conversation. Nothing awkward ever fell from his lips. His words expressed with unerring fitness the thing most fit to be expressed.

The name of poet is not to be lightly and indiscriminately applied to makers of verses ; but I venture to call Dr. Frothingham a poet in the strictest sense of the term. Not because he wrote and published verses, but because he possessed the lyrical mind ; or, more properly, the lyrical mind possessed him. His impressions of things and occasions found in verse their fittest and most natural utterance. The spontaneous gush of his soul was song. His best thoughts took on a poetical form, and could vent themselves in no other way. His exceeding modesty induced him to designate his two volumes of printed poems by the title "Metrical Pieces;" but if I know any thing of poetry, those volumes contain many genuinely poetic utterances, and such as the best-esteemed poet in the land might be proud to own. His versions from other tongues, and especially from the rich stores of German song, are acknowledged by competent judges to be the most successful attempts in that kind. A great poet has said that the truest lyrical poetry is occasional poetry. A large portion of Dr. Frothingham's original pieces are of that description, — poems elicited by provocations of place and time and event. I may mention, as examples of this sort, the National Ode on the 203d Celebration of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, "The Crossed Swords"; and that almost faultless poem, "The Burial of John Eliot Thayer": —

"No vulgar wealth, with amplest show,
Such funeral wreaths could twine.
It was not that he made it grow,
But that he bade it shine, —

“ Shine with such uses as have made
A glory where we live;
Shine with such charities as aid
Those who receive and give.”

I have spoken briefly, as befits the hour, of our friend's intellectual endowments and literary service; but what of the man? We love to remember, and shall long remember, the charm of his discourse, his wide culture, the sparkle of his wit, the flowers of rhetoric and song with which he adorned his path and gladdened ours; but, met in the solemn presence of death, we are reminded that the glories of intellect and literary achievement

“ Are shadows, not substantial things”;

that the only and enduring thing in man is the moral type in which his innermost being is expressed. What of the man?

If I call upon you who knew him best — the companions of his prime and the friends of his declining years — to render your verdict in this case, I know you will gladly bear witness with me that this was a man beloved of many, and most worthy to be loved, for his own sake, and the beautiful and endearing qualities which nearer acquaintance revealed in him. But love, it is said, is partial; it has no authorized voice in the court which tries character, either as witness or as judge. Love partial? I think not. Love can be critical; it is naturally so from its very concern for the good of its object. We see very clearly the faults of those we love, and we love them none the less on account of those faults. But then there are faults, and those of the worst kind, which preclude love; which alienate friendship, repel affection. Inordinate selfishness, vanity, falsity, malignity, arrogance, baseness of every sort, — these are qualities which no man can love. These are qualities no friendship can abide, which none can possess and continue to be loved. The fact, then, that he of whom I speak was so endeared to a large circle of

attached friends, independently of all ties of kindred and blood, — friends whose friendship strengthened with acquaintance; who cleaved to him when all charm had vanished from his converse and all brilliancy had gone out of his life, — is a proof of the absence in him of all such qualities as I have named. But to speak positively of that which I found in him, I have to say that our friend, as I judged him, was truthful and sincere; gentle, generous, and kindly affectioned; humane, free from all arrogance or self-conceit; that his was the charity that “envieth not,” that “vaunteth not itself,” that “is not puffed up,” that “thinketh no evil.”

What especially impressed me in my long and close observation of the man, and what I consider to be a decisive test of character, was his prompt and generous recognition of talent, faculty, or merit in others; particularly in those of his own profession, competitors with him in a common career; the absence of any thing approaching to jealousy or bitterness, when the prize of popularity, denied to him, was freely bestowed on his inferiors. His eye was quick to discern, and his heart was prompt to appreciate, and his tongue to acknowledge, what was excellent in every performance, or the promise of excellence yet to come. He welcomed the rising talent of his juniors in office; he was even willing to believe in it where there was none. I am indebted to him for the best encouragement I received in my youth. Meanwhile, he never quarrelled with the want of appreciation of his own deserts; I think he underrated those deserts in his judgment of himself. He whom I was ready to place first was quite content to take the lower room.

Very little there was in him of wrath or ill-will, and that little very transient. At a time when the lines of ecclesiastical separation and sectarian exclusion were more distinctly and unrelentingly drawn than now, he could put himself in friendly relations with the ministers of other connections than his own. And if, in times of bitter controversy within the lines of his

own denomination, he sometimes misjudged and burned with indignation against those whom he believed to be enemies of truth and religion,—enemies dangerous to social order,—in cooler moments he regretted with sorrow unfeigned every harsh and hasty word or act, and the severing of old bonds, and alienation and strife; and desired, as he assured me, to forget all differences, to recover past fellowship, and to be at peace with all the world.

The crowning grace of his life was the brave and invincible patience with which he bore the multiplied infirmities of his declining years.

There befell him in those years the affliction which is justly reckoned among the greatest of physical calamities,—the loss of sight. Loss of sight to a scholar with a well-stored library, the habit of whose life has been to rove among his books, and to turn at any moment to the passage needed for solace or refreshment; for the verification of a fact, for the resolution of a doubt; or help in the perplexity of thought, where the right word at the right moment may roll the burden of hours from the mind! Loss of sight to a widowed man, bereft of the one companion who best could lend her guiding hand to his dark steps, and best supply the lack of eyes at all times and in every place! Loss of sight to a sensitive man, accustomed to self-help, and nobly impatient of foreign aid! Loss of sight to a lover of nature, to whom the green of earth and the blue sky, and sunset and sunrise and the stars, are the heart's daily bread! Friends, have you ever figured to yourselves what that means,—to be a prisoner with open doors; a captive to your own impotence, walled in by perpetual darkness; to know no difference between day and night; to catch no eye responsive to your own, the light of no smile in the face of your beloved; to miss for ever the glories of earth and sky, the familiar aspects of every-day life, and all the dear consuetudes of vision?

"Oh! dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!

.

To live a life half dead, a living death."

All this our friend was called to bear, and bore with a fortitude that never flinched, and a resignation that never murmured.

I visited him a short time before the waning light in his eyes had gone out in total blindness. He told me that he had just signed his name, as he supposed, for the last time. I spoke of the interior resources at his command, of the rich treasures of knowledge which he would take with him into the impending night, and which no night could take from him. His reply was: "I am afraid I am a poor creature; but I hope I shall not misbehave." The friends who came to him in his darkness will bear witness how well the resolution that lay in this modest hope was kept. How keenly he felt the great privation, and also what solace and trust attended it, is shown in some of his later poems. The "Bartimæus" — the finest, I think, of all his compositions — derives an exquisite pathos from the author's personal experience: —

"Yes, happy, — cleave we to the hope,
Though feet must swerve and hands must grope;
All action played behind a screen,
The world no space and life no scene;
Though nature, art, street, fields, and books,
And better, best, all friendly looks,
Have faded into nought; the gaze
That spans a world and threads a maze,
And, when the round of day is done,
Outshoots the arrows of the sun,
Changed for the thin, short line that slips
Beneath the moving finger-tips.

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Nor all concealed from human thought
How this celestial work is wrought
They who see not have eyes that lend
Their aid to guide and to defend.

Aye, numberless. They sit immured
In kindly offices ; secured
By their strong helplessness. Who stem
The boldest crowds make way for them.
Mark, on the pavement, how the click
Of their half-seeing, slender stick
Is potent as a sultan's word
Or marshal's staff or conqueror's sword.
Close tended by the good and kind,
They form the temper that they find.
Does not that disposition bless,
And good-will grow to happiness ?

The new beatitude will prove
The wonder of the Father-love,
That bids such compensation wait
On a calamity so great.

With narrowing range of earth's ado,
The field of strife is narrowed too ;
The tents are struck, the flags are furled,
That make a camp of half the world ;
As feuds and provocations close,
The unchallenged spirit tastes repose."

Some years of that "repose" were vouchsafed to him when the blindness was complete ; some peaceful years of inward light in the body's darkness ; some fruitful years of prolonged intellectual youth in his "age's lateness." A mind so cultured and productive could not rest or fall asleep while enough of bodily strength remained to nourish mental action. The spirit was willing ; the flesh was constrained to execute its will. He continued to compose by dictation when the eye could no longer guide the pen ; fortunate in finding a well-cultured and competent amanuensis, who was literary coadjutrix, friend, and nurse, in one. Some of his best versions from the German were, if I mistake not, accomplished during this period. The friends who visited him found him uniformly cheerful, of good courage, with mind still girt and bow still bent, responsive to the best with his own best, enjoying conversation and bearing his part in it with scarcely perceptible abatement of the ancient fire.

This until somewhat more than a year ago, when his strength at last gave way; and, in the utter prostration of his frame, the mind refused to bring forth, the light flickered in its socket, and "all the daughters of music were brought low." From that time onward, bedridden, suffering at times extreme pain, he sunk from weakness to weakness, and from night to night, until the great night came whose morning is not of this world, and the sleep whose waking is no more; as in these last years, into new darkness, but — so we trust — into new and unending day.

And now, in bidding "Farewell!" to what was mortal in our friend, I feel how imperfectly I have voiced our impression of the man. My consolation is that he speaks for himself more forcibly than I could speak, had time been allowed to speak as I would: speaks by his printed word; speaks by his image in the mind. He is henceforth set as a star in our heaven of blessed memories; a member of that trinal constellation, of which Everett and Prescott are the brother-lights. The orator, the historian, the poet, — beautiful in their combined effulgence, — each vivid with his peculiar ray!

For the earthly, now vanished from our embrace, we have no lament to make and no tears to shed. We will not pretend to mourn the going of one from whom what was best had already gone. Rejoice with me in his blessed release from darkness and bondage and pain! In his own fit words, spoken at the funeral service in memory of Lafayette: "We come not to mourn that he died, but to thank God that he has lived."

Mr. DEANE communicated from our Corresponding Member, the Hon. H. B. Grigsby, of Virginia, a photographic copy, four and a half inches in diameter, of the seal of Virginia during one period of its colonial history. One side represents the person of the king standing, with the sceptre in his right hand, receiving with his left hand, from a kneeling Indian,

some leaves of tobacco. Beneath is, "EN · DAT · VIRGINIA · QUARTAM ·"; and encircling the two figures, is the following: "SIGILLUM · PROVINCIÆ · NOSTRÆ · VIRGINIÆ · IN · AMERICA ·" On the other side is represented the arms of England with the usual mottoes, encircled with the following: "GEORGIUS III · D · G · MAG · BRI · IR · ET · HIB · REX · D · G · MAG · F · D · BRUN · ET · LUN · DUX · S · R · I · AR · THES · ET · EL ·" Concerning this seal Mr. Grigsby writes:—

"Of course there was a change in the name of the sovereign given on the seal with every new sovereign. Remember, it is not the seal of the colony as such, but that of the king, who applies it by the hand of his viceroy, the governor. The colony proper, though it had a coat of arms, which the House of Burgesses always impressed upon the journals of its proceedings, as appears from copies now before me, never engraved the arms in the form of a seal, as the body never required a seal,—the office of a seal being executive and not legislative. This distinction is worth attending to; for it is plain that none other than the immediate representative of the king would be authorized to use his seal."